Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſ. But as the deuil would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſ. What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall green, whē it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſay eſt thou to this?

Poin. Come your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bedpreſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fa. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neatstoūg, you bullſpizzel, you ſtockfiſh: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtāding tuck.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure, & bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe, then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a worde,

worde, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can
it you here in the houſe: and Falſtalffe, you carried your g
way as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for merc
ſtil run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a ſlaue ar
to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done? & then ſay it was in
What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame

Poin. Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke haſt thou no

Falſt. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that mad
Why, heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kill the hei
parant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thouk
eſt, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, th
will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter.
a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelf
thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for
Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the m
Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to mo
gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fe
ſhip come to you. What, ſhall we bee merrie, ſhall we
a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running a

Fa. A, no more of that, Hal, & thou loueſt me. *Enter ho*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at d
would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your Fa

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man
ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What maner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Sh
giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and ile ſend him pack

Exit.

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Pet
did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon inſt
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, *I* ran, when *I* ſaw others runne.